

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, JULY 15, 1805.

NO. 6.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,
PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

A Dissertation on the Art of Flying.

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that run through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot: he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that, instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains. Having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do no more; yet resolved to enquire further before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth."—"So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You

will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it, faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied. I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labour of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but, as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall: no care will then be necessary, but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquility. I have been told, that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains; yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall: therefore I suspect, that from any height, where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach

them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished, and on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

ON THE CRUSADES.

CONTINUED.

Of the vast numbers that flew to the standard of the cross, many were unable to bring with them wherewithal to contribute to their support thro' a long and fatiguing march and active campaign—many others neglected it in the idea of it's being entirely unnecessary; but all those who had too much sense to suppose they should meet with manna from Heaven for their subsistence, saw the necessity of taking with them considerable funds: for this purpose princes were obliged either to extort money from their vassals, or to alienate their domains at reduced values; barons sold their estates and subjects parted with their stock and implements of husbandry, frequently leaving their wives and children in the greatest poverty and misery. The first division of this crusade, consisting of a motley mass of men, women and children, ecclesiastics and laity, were sent off through Hungary and Bulgaria under the command of the hermit Peter. The horrors these people occasioned would appal the heart of the most hardened ruffian; and yet the miseries they themselves experienced, would call forth pity from the most callous and misanthropic mind—their unrestrained fury first dis-

charged itself on the unfortunate Jews, whom they put to the most cruel death wherever they met them—as soldiers of our Saviour they tho't themselves authorized to take revenge on his murderers. Such a brutal massacre of those unhappy people had not taken place since the days of the Roman emperors; in short, one may more readily conceive than describe all the licentious and terrible crimes which this unprincipled, disorderly and undisciplined band every where committed—to pillage private property, to rob the unsuspecting peasant, to violate female innocence, to murder their fellow creatures, were among their frequent and almost habitual deviations from the paths of justice, morality and religion—they themselves met with the greatest evils and adversities; the fatigues of the march, the want of proper aliment and repose, pestilence and the opposition of the natives, all conspired to the ruin of the imprudent crusaders; such multitudes of them were swept off by this variety of destructive causes, that a cotemporary writer observed “the very plains of Hungary were whitened with their bones.” The vices they fell into when reinforced and arrived in Asia, exceeded if possible those of their march; scenes of prostitution and intemperance were every where displayed; to use the words of an elegant historian “they were seduced by every temptation which nature either prompts or reprobates. The authority of their chiefs was despised, and sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline than evangelical purity.” To shew how destructive was the warfare of the Crusaders, we need only call to our recollection their celebrated siege of Jerusalem; that remarkable and ill-fated city, memorable for the many important sieges it has undergone, was invested with 20,000 foot and 1500 horse, which historians tell us were the unfortunate remnant of that immense host which had once been marshalled under the banners of the cross. Jerusalem, which in earlier ages had withstood so long time the valorous, martial and disciplined troops of mighty Rome, could not now resist above forty days this wretched and pitiful remainder of an insubordinate, disorderly and unwarlike multitude. De Bonillon and his followers, were victorious, and the Holy City was at length rescued by assault from the Mahometan yoke; a bloody and horrid sacrifice was now offered to the God of the Christians by his mistaken votaries. The garrison and most of the inhabitants were put to the sword without distinction; arms protected not the brave, nor submission the timid; resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; no place was so sacred, no abode so retired as to escape their sanguinary weapons; infants perished by the same sword that transfixed their mothers while imploring mercy; the streets were covered with heaps of slain; for three days did they indulge themselves in a promiscuous massacre. The shrieks of agony and despair yet resounded from every house; when, however strange and inconsistent it may appear, these triumphant warriors, their garments still reeking with blood, ascended the hill where the Son of God had undergone the torments of crucifixion. With those eyes which

had just served them to seek out the property of others, they regarded the sepulchre of the just and holy author of their religion: with those mouths which had just uttered the most barbarous shouts of triumph and the most cruel and inhuman sentences of death, they chaunted forth anthems to the praise of their maker, and kissed the stone which once had covered the great Saviour of the world; with those arms which had recently slaughtered thousands of their fellow-beings, they encircled the grave where once was entombed the Prince of Peace; yet in all their operations they pretended to be seconded by the will of God. “*Deus vult*” was the general exclamation of the council of Clermont; “*Deus vult*” was the watch-word of the crusaders; “*Deus vult*” was marked on all their standards. Is it possible that a God of clemency, benignity, and justice, could regard favourably a cause so iniquitous, and could sanction a warfare so horrid and destructive? No; to entertain the idea for a moment, would be impious and profane.

It is somewhat strange to observe, that, through all these wars, the Christians and Mahometans appear to have interchanged their respective religions and characters. The Mahometan, who is ordered by his prophet to disseminate his religion by fire and sword, conducted himself in a mild and pacific manner; whilst the Christian, if he had acted up to his Saviour's doctrine, should have molested no one, breathed but destruction and war.

The obstinate perseverance of the Europeans in the crusades is really astonishing. One would think they would have gained instruction from their adverse experience; that they would have become disgusted with such expeditions, from the evil consequences of the first: but no; others were instituted, and six succeeding generations rushed down the same destructive precipice, open before them, and of which they were fully aware. Men still continued to stake their individual comfort, their domestic happiness, their fortunes, and their all on the desperate and romantic adventure, of possessing a spot of earth more than one thousand miles from their homes. Even monarchs, on these occasions, to the great detriment of their subjects, left their thrones, the splendour of their courts, and their kingdoms. The latter crusades were conducted with the same spirit as the first, and were equally injurious and destructive. They continued to depopulate countries, to draw from them all their wealth and resources, to reduce respectable families to want and inferior ones to misery and distress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

THE ancient Drama, composed of hymns in honor of Bacchus, accompanied with vocal and instrumental music, was in its commencement extremely rude and imperfect. It was for a time exhibited on moveable stages, very inadequate to the purpose; and afterwards in groves, lawns and verdant inclosures. To render performances of the theatre more interesting, Thespis introduced actors, while the chorus was suspended, reciting the achievements of some hero, whom they personated.

Still however there was no connection in the recitals, till Æschylus, by his sublime genius and judicious management advanced these theatrical exhibitions to no inconsiderable degree of improvement. From this period the chorus and interlocutors were mutually engaged in exhibiting a regular, connected and interesting narrative; and from a rural sport the Drama became a firm advocate in the cause of virtue, and at the same time afforded an attractive and rational amusement.

The remaining tragedies of Æschylus are distinguished for an enthusiastic love of liberty, beauty of imagery, sublimity of conception, and instructive precepts of morality. If his expression sometimes appears turgid, it is owing to the resistless ardour of his imagination. His eye “glancing from earth to heaven,” comprehended the grand, the vast, and the astonishing. He was not less distinguished as a soldier than as a dramatic poet; since he manifested unexampled bravery in the battles of Marathon, of Salamis, and Platae. He frequently entered the lists of his contemporaries, Sophocles and Euripides, and usually came off victorious. Once, however, when the prize was unjustly adjudged to his competitor, he had the magnanimity to declare....“I appeal to posterity: to posterity I consecrate my works, in the assurance that they will meet that reward from time, which the partiality of my contemporaries refuses to bestow.” His tragedies are always animated, often pathetic, and always sublime. The bold spirit displayed in the following passage of his “Prometheus Chained,” strongly characterizes the author's manner.

Prometheus addresses the Chorus relative to Jupiter:....

“That enemy from enemy should suffer
Extreme indignity is nothing strange.
Let him then work his horrible pleasure on me;
Wreath his black curling flames, tempest the air
With vollied thunders and wild warring winds,
Rend from its roots the firm earth's solid base,
Heave from the roaring main its boisterous waves,
And dash them to the stars; me let him hurl,
Caught in the fiery tempest, to the gloom
Of deepest Tartarus; not all his powers
Can quench the ethereal breath of life in me.”

Potter's Translation.

ANTIQUUS.

THE ceremonies which unite the sexes in the ties of matrimony, are as various as the manners and customs of different countries. We are pleased with the relations of travellers concerning them, from the contrast which immediately strike us between them and our own. The following account of this ceremony among the Armenians, a people who once obtained a rank among the nations of the earth, but are now sunk under the weight of Turkish despotism, is extracted from the letters of the celebrated Lady Mary W. Montague, during the embassy of her husband to Constantinople.

“What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparalleled all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another until three days after their marriage. The bried is car-

ried to church, with a cap on her head in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom whether he is contented to marry that woman *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words, to which having answered *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion on the corner of a sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and so monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them myself until I had enquired of several Armenians, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised, by his mother, to a girl he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature."

CANINE FIDELITY.

DURING the late invasion of Holland, a British officer wrote to his sister a letter, in which he related the following singular circumstance, which happened when the enemy were driven from Camperdown Hills.—

"I saw a French soldier, one of their infantry, lying dead, having been shot through the breast, and a little spaniel, remarkably beautiful, lying by his side. Two of our pioneers coming by, I desired them to take away the dog. It was with difficulty they could catch him, as he ran about his dead master, and seemed determined not to be separated from him. They, at length, caught him, and carried him away for above half a mile, and quite out of sight of the dead body; but he got from them by a sudden spring, and ran back again. I had the curiosity to return, to see his behaviour. I found him taking hold of the dead soldier's hand, pulling it, and barking incessantly. In this situation I left the poor animal.

"I was told, the next morning, by a dragoon who came that way, that, after the pioneers had buried his master, he had scratched the sand, and made a hole large enough to hold himself, where he continued howling and mourning for the whole day of the third, until one man, more cruel, or more kind (I know not which) than the rest, put an end to his existence, by knocking him on the head with the butt end of his musket."

THE CIRCASSIANS.

HISTORY, travellers, romances, have extolled the beauty of the Circassians, and yet they have not exceeded the truth. The world has for a long time regarded beauty as an imaginary being...a mere arbitrary existence. The supporters of this extravagant idea have sought to justify it, by saying, that what is handsome in the eyes of one nation is not so in the eyes of another; that a Chinese beauty would be as little attractive in France as a French beauty in China: the beauty of the Circassians is an answer to this mode of reasoning. These women are beautiful in the eyes of all nations; they are sought after in all parts of the world: they bear

the sway in all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that union of pleasing features, that just proportion in all the parts of the body, that freshness, those brilliant colours, that *tout ensemble* which cannot be defined, but which yet exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men pay it homage.

This is almost the only point of view in which the inhabitants of Circassia, a country between the Caspian and the Black Sea, deserve to fix the attention. It may be easily conceived, that a people who consider woman as a mere article of merchandize cannot make her their companion, nor see in marriage an indissoluble union. The Circassians, accordingly, have several wives, and change them at pleasure; the first, however, still retains over the rest a pre-eminence, of which she cannot be divested, and which she preserves till death.

This first wife, who is generally of extreme youth, is purchased, like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale. They never enquire from whence she comes. If they ask the name of her parents, it is only to learn whether she be of a race pure and renowned for its beauty. The ordinary price of a fine Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piasters.

Morality.

ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY is he, who, far from the troubles of a tumultuous world, enjoys the pleasures of a delicious solitude, the chief comfort of which is self-conversation. The acknowledgment of a good conscience makes him smile with indignation on the vanities of life: he has no other desire but the tranquility of his mind; he does not fear the inconstancy of virtue, nor the whims of chance; he despises riches, and the perishable grandeurs of the world; he is pleased with the present, and not uneasy about the future. Happy for himself, he is troublesome to no person. He is never obliged to speak contrary to his own sentiments, nor to suffer from the contradiction of opinion: he studies the past, and observes the present. Equally inaccessible to pride and ambition, avarice is, in his sight, a folly; luxury, a ridiculous brilliancy; envy, a meanness; and laziness, a crime. Occupied in adoring his Creator, his tongue does not use itself upon trifles. Sober in his meals, he is not exposed to ruin his health by eating and drinking. He does whatever he will, because his wishes tend only to what he can perform. He lies down free from cares, reposes in the arms of tranquility, and rises early with joy. He knows how to employ time, and sees the thread of his life surrounded with silk and gold. His correspondence is with Heaven, towards which his thoughts continually are bent. He has no desires for the things of this life, because he is conscious of their vacuity. He sighs only for the celestial ones, to which his wishes tend: in short, he waits for the great father, Death, without desiring or fearing it!

DISHONEST men endeavour to conceal their faults from themselves, as well as from others: honest men know and confess them.

TRENTON, JULY 15, 1805.

NOTHING of a very interesting nature, either from Europe or the West-Indies, has come to hand since our last.

FROM all parts of the United States we hear that the harvest has been extremely good, and the time of gathering it in uncommonly favorable.

WE are sorry to hear that the whole town of Detroit is totally consumed by fire, not a single house in town left standing!

The fire, it is said, first made its appearance in a stable near the centre of the town, about 9 o'clock in the morning, and such was the rapidity of its ravages that, at 12 o'clock, not one house remained. The Citadel, which was rather detached, and in which were the Barracks, Officers' quarters, and Contractor's stores, was entirely consumed.

NOTE. Detroit is the seat of government of the Michigan Territory, and contained upwards of 300 houses, built of wood, in a compact manner, and above 2000 inhabitants.

THE proposition from Massachusetts, to amend the Constitution, was taken up, and rejected, almost without debate, in the Legislature of New-Hampshire.

THE Legislature of Massachusetts have unanimously rejected the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by Kentucky.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN giving place to the first number of "*Aulus*," we did it in the usual expectation of receiving his succeeding numbers. It is very uncommon for an author to withhold his engagements...and it remains with *Aulus* to satisfy the public on this point.

The propriety of publishing "*Jack's*" is very doubtful, and we think had better not appear.

We should be sorry to publish any thing incorrect with the signature of "*Chesterfield*." This piece is so much so, either from ignorance or design, that we must lay it aside altogether.

MARRIED,

At Princeton, on Thursday last, by the Reverend Mr. Hunter, RUDOLPHUS BUNNER, Esq. of the City of New-York, to Miss CHURCH, second daughter of John B. Church, Esq. of the same place.

On the 23d ult. by the Reverend Mr. Armstrong, Mr. ANTHONY PHILIPS, of Monmouth, to Miss CLARISSA EDMUNDS, of Maidenhead.

On Saturday last, by the same, Mr. HENRY BELLERJEAU, of Lamberton, to Miss ELIZABETH ELY, of this City.

Obituary.

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!*

GRAY.

DIED,

At Alexandria, on Monday the 1st inst. Mrs. JANE FAIRFAX, relict of the late Bryan (Lord) Fairfax, after a short illness; greatly lamented by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

FROM BURN'S WORKS.

"WHEN the pressing nature of public affairs called, in 1795, for a general arming of the people, Burn's appeared in the ranks of the Dumfries Volunteers, and employed his poetical talents in stimulating their patriotism; and, at this season of alarm, he brought forward the following Hymn, worthy of the Grecian muse when Greece was most conspicuous for valour and genius."

SCENE—A field of battle....Evening....The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following

SONG.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
Now gay with the bright setting sun; [skies,
Farewel loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero....a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor....our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save....

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not rest with the brave!

MARGERY GRAY;

OR THE WITCH UNMASK'D.

Why stands that old cottage so lonely and drear,
That fills the beholder with gloom and affright?
And what is the reason that none can go near
The door of that hut, without shivering at night?

To see the old woman who lives there alone,
One would think she could hardly do any great
harm;

Why her body is shrivell'd to mere skin and bone
And scarcely more thick than a broomstick her
arin.

The cottage is small, but sufficient to hold
A fire place, table, and dresser, and bed;
The cracks fill'd with mud, admit scarce any cold
And a few cedar slabs stop the leaks over head.

And its well it's so tight... for now not a tool,
Would be hand'd by any to mend her abode;
And though by the door is the best way to school
The master and children all go the high road.

Yet once they delighted to travel that way, [by,
And would beg for permission whenever they went
To take something good to old Margery Gray....
A few links of sausage....or piece of mince pyc.

She gathers old stumps in the summer for fuel,
And no one has stopp'd her as yet that I've heard;
Indeed to prevent her were foolishly cruel,
For every one wishes his fields to be clear'd.

Time was she had pine-knots to last her all winter;
They serv'd her to spin and to knit by at night;
But now not a creature would bring her a splinter;
If they knew she was dying for want of a light.

There is not the least shelter as any can tell,
To keep from her window the snow and the hail:
And even the peach-tree, that grew by the well,
Is dead, and its wither'd limbs sigh in the gale.

It is true that to fence her poor cow from the weather
She took out her hatchet, one bitter cold day,
And cut some pine bushes and pil'd them together,
By the side of her little coarse bundle of hay.

Her fence by the wind and by time is o'erthrown,
Indeed there is hardly a rail on the place;
And the garden, with mullens and nettles o'ergrown,
Looks as dull and as cheerless as old Margery's
face.

But it did'nt look thus in the days of her prime....
The fence was in order, the garden was neat;
She had camomile, lavender, hysop, and thyme,
And more sage than she wanted to season her
meat.

And she dry'd a good deal, and the neighbors all
round

Would send to her cottage if any were ill....
She was skill'd in the nature of herbs, and they found
That she gave her assistance with hearty good will.

It was own'd by the people who happen'd to pass,
That her rooin was as cleanly as cleanly could be;
You might put on your cap, by her pewter or brass,
And her bed was as decent as most that you'll see.

But their present condition no mortal can tell,
For none are so simple to darken her door:
No, no, all the neighbors remember too well
The horrible tale of the blood on the floor.

It was midnight....and cold did the bitter wind blow,
And drove in fierce eddies the snow and the hail,
When a stranger to Margery's cottage came slow....
Like a ghost he seem'd troubled....was silent and
pale.

Long beat by the tempest so chil'd and so tir'd,
That his feet and his fingers he hardly could use;
To warm them a little was all he desir'd....
So trifling a favor could any refuse?

The air was so piercing, that people that night
In the tightest of houses could scarcely keep warm,
And the neighbors came over as soon as 'twas light
To enquire how Margery far'd in the storm.

But how did astonishment bristle their hair
When blood they saw sprinkled profusely round!
The legs of a stranger, all mangled were there,
But the rest of his body was not to be found!

The blood of the traveler was every where thrown....
On the hearth, on the floor, on the table it lay;
And to every one there, it was very well known
Not a creature was with him but Margery Gray.

And none could imagine the man would admire,
If left to pursue what appear'd to him right,
The notion of leaving his legs by the fire,
And travelling on stumps such a terrible night.

'Till that night of horror, old Margery never
Was known to discover a relish for sin;
But now she is hatching some mischief forever,
'Tis hard to give over when once we begin.

She meazles the swine, and she pesters the cattle,
She fly-blows the meat, and the harvest she blights;
In the midst of a tempest at windows she'll rattle,
And keeps her sick neighbor's from sleeping at
nights.

Thus from gossip to gossip, the story goes round,
And the list of her crimes is enlarg'd every day;
But the best of the bunch may be glad if they're
found

As clear of all evil as Margery Gray.

The stranger who stray'd to her humble abode,
Had a friend who came with him a part of the way,
But the cold was so piercing he froze on the road,
His bones by the side of the laurel bush lay.

And the boots he had on were too good to be lost....
But to get them was far from a matter of ease:
For the leather was stiffen'd to horn by the frost,
So took off the legs of his friend by the knees.

And in Margery's cottage the business of thawing
The leather and legs, did the stranger begin,
While Margery slumber'd....and after much drawing
He succeeded in getting the legs from within.

This object attain'd, he would carry no further
A useless incumbrance....but left them to raise,
Doubt, fear and suspicion, of witchcraft and murder,
To embitter the remnant of Margery's days.

Ye travellers all, when about to do aught,
That may multiply woe, where you happen to stray,
Make a pause....and bestow, I beseech you, a tho't,
On the legs that were left with old Margery Gray.

Anecdotes.

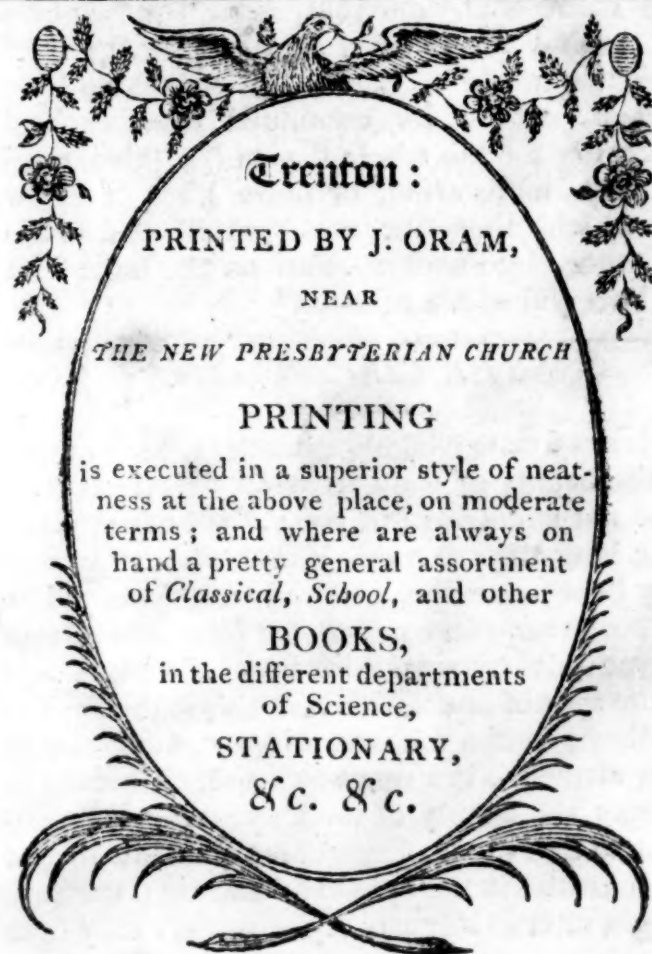
PHILIP, King of Macedon, rising from an entertainment at which he had sat some hours, was addressed by a woman, who begged him to hear her cause. He accordingly heard it: and, upon her saying some things not pleasing to him, he gave sentence against her. The woman immediately, but very calmly, replied, "I appeal." "How," says Philip, "from your King? To whom then?" "To Philip, when fasting," returned the woman. The manner in which he received this answer would do honor to the most sober prince. He afterwards gave the cause a second hearing, found the injustice of his sentence, and condemned himself to make it good.

"I AM absolutely afraid," said the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Vinet, "I am absolutely afraid that I shall die a beggar." "At the rate you go on," replied Sir Robert, "I am afraid it will be worse....I am afraid you will live one."

WHEN the French royalist Georges was on his trial in Paris, he was asked by the public accuser, what he had done with the portraits he had of the late King and Queen.... "Ah, villians," he replied, "what have your party done with the ORIGINALS?"

The Miscellany.

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